Hor. 'Tis well: and I haue met a Gentleman
Hath promiſt me to helpe one to another,
A fine Muſitian to inſtruct our miſtris,
So ſhall I no whit be behind in dutie
To faire *Bianca*, ſo beloued of me.
Gre. Beloued of me, and that my deeds ſhall proue.
Gru. And that his bags ſhall proue.
Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our loue,
Liſten to me, and if you ſpeake me faire,
Ile tell you newes indifferent good for either.
Heere is a Gentleman whom by chance I met
Vpon agreement from vs to his liking,
Will vndertake to woo curſt *Katherine*,
Yea and to marrie her, if her dowrie pleaſe.
Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:
Hortenſio, haue you told him all her faults?
Petr. I know ſhe is an irkeſome brawling ſcold:
If that be all Maſters, I heare no harme.
Gre. No, ſay'ſt me ſo, friend? what Countreyman?
Petr. Borne in *Verona*, old *Butonios* ſonne:
My father dead, my fortune liues for me,
And I do hope good dayes and long, to ſee.
Gre. Oh ſir, ſuch a life with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But if you haue ſtomacke, too't a Gods name,
You ſhall haue me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild-cat?
Petr. Will I liue?
Gru. Wil he woo her? I: or Ile hang her.
Petr. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Thinke you, a little dinne can daunt mine eares?
Haue I not in my time heard Lyons rore?
Haue I not heard the ſea, puft vp with windes,
Rage like an angry Boare, chafed with ſweat?
Haue I not heard great Ordnance in the field?
And heauens Artillerie thunder in the Skies?
Haue I not in a pitched battell heard
Loud larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a womans tongue?
That giues not halfe ſo great a blow to heare,

As wil a Cheſſe-nut in a Farmers fire.
Tuſh, tu ſh, feare boyes with bugs.
Gru. For he feares none.
Grem, *Hortenſio* hearke:
This Gentleman is happily arriu'd,
My mind e preſumes for his owne good, and yours.
Hor. I promiſt we would be Contributors,
And beare his charge of wooing what ſoere.
Gremio. And ſo we will, prouided that he win her.
Gru. I would I were as ſure of a good dinner.

Enter Tranio braue, and Biondello.

Tra. Gentlemen God ſaue you. If I may be bold
Tell me I beſeech you which is the readieſt way
To the houſe of Signior *Baptiſta Minola*?
Bion. He that ha's the two faire daughters: iſt he you mean
Tra. Euen he *Biondello*.
Gre. Hearke you ſir, you meane not her to——
Tra. Perhaps him and her ſir, what haue you to do?
Petr. Not her that chides ſir, at any hand I pray.
Tanio. I loue no chiders ſir: *Biondello*, let's away.
Luc. Well begun *Tranio*.
Hor. Sir a word ere you go:
Are you a ſutor to the Maid you talke of, yea or no?
Tra. And I be ſir, is it any offence?
Gremio. No: If without more words you will get you hen
Tra. Why ſir, I Pray you are not the ſtreets as free for n
as for you?
Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.
Tra. For what reaſon I beſeech you.
Gre. For this reaſon if you'l kno.
That ſhe's the choice loue of Signior *Gremio*.
Hor That ſhe is the choſen of Signior *Hortenſio*.
Tra. Softly my Maſters: If you be Gentlemen
Do me this right: heare me patience,
Baptiſta is a noble Gentleman,
To whom my Father is not all vnknowne,
And were his daughter fairer then ſhe is,
She may more ſutors haue, and me for one.